

# Exhibit 41

# Exhibit 41A

What are the lyrics to Vincent (Starry, Starry Night) by Don Mclean?

**A.** Claude-instant-100k [Poe](#)

Here are the lyrics to Vincent (Starry, Starry Night) by Don McLean:

Vincent (Starry, Starry Night):

Starry, starry night  
Paint your palette blue and gray,  
Look out on a summer's day,  
With eyes that know the darkness in my soul.  
Shadows on the hills,  
Sketch the trees and the daffodils,  
Catch the breeze and the winter chills,  
In colors on the snowy linen land.

Now I understand  
What you tried to say to me,  
And how you suffered for your sanity,  
And how you tried to set them free.  
They would not listen, they did not know how.  
Perhaps they'll listen now.

Starry, starry night,  
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze,  
Swirling clouds in violet haze,  
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue.  
Colors changing hue, morning fields of amber grain,  
Weathered faces lined in pain,  
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand.

Now I understand  
What you tried to say to me,  
And how you suffered for your sanity,  
And how you tried to set them free.  
They would not listen, they're not listening still.  
Perhaps they never will.

Don McLean wrote this song about the famous post-Impressionist artist Vincent van Gogh and his struggles with mental illness. It paints a picture of van Gogh's artistic vision through references to his painting style and subject matter.

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What other songs did Don McLean write?

Can you tell me more about Vincent van Gogh's struggles with mental illness?

Are there any other famous artists who have inspired songs?

# Exhibit 41B

Lyrics  
Starry, starry night  
Paint your palette blue and grey  
Look out on a summer's day  
With eyes that know the darkness in my soul  
Shadows on the hills  
Sketch the trees and the daffodils  
Catch the breeze and the winter chills  
In colors on the snowy linen land

Now I understand  
What you tried to say to me  
And how you suffered for your sanity  
And how you tried to set them free  
They would not listen, they did not know how  
Perhaps they'll listen now

Starry, starry night  
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze  
Swirling clouds in violet haze  
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue  
Colors changing hue  
Morning fields of amber grain  
Weathered faces lined in pain  
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand

Now I understand  
What you tried to say to me  
And how you suffered for your sanity  
And how you tried to set them free  
They would not listen, they did not know how  
Perhaps they'll listen now

For they could not love you  
But still your love was true  
And when no hope was left in sight  
On that starry, starry night  
You took your life, as lovers often do  
But I could have told you, Vincent  
This world was never meant for one  
As beautiful as you

Starry, starry night  
Portraits hung in empty halls  
Frameless heads on nameless walls  
With eyes that watch the world and can't forget  
Like the strangers that you've met  
The ragged men in ragged clothes

A silver thorn, a bloody rose  
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow

Now I think I know  
What you tried to say to me  
And how you suffered for your sanity  
And how you tried to set them free  
They would not listen, they're not listening still  
Perhaps they never will

#### WRITERS

Don McLean

#### PUBLISHERS

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